

glory, glory, glory

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by [tentacledog](#)

Summary

Stanley's down on his luck and needs fast cash; Stanford's looking for some quick release. They don't mean to find each other, but then they do. Oops.

Set in the late 1970's, during Stan's years as a conman-drifter and Ford's years as a young researcher in Gravity Falls.

Notes

SERIOUSLY, SO SKETCHY. That's my blanket disclaimer. It's gloryhole prostitution accidental incest fic, you guys.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Another month, another small town that's got Stan scraping for money.

Last week he was in Nevada. This week he's across state borders, lying low in central Oregon, 'cause a guy named Marlo really didn't like the inroads Stan's latest shitty piece of merchandise was cutting into Marlo's local home waffle-maker monopoly. Negotiations got fuckin' heated. And as Stan like to say, when the going gets hot? Stan gets going.

So he fled across state borders. The waffle-makers gave ya burns anyway; shitty wiring.

Just another screw-up on Stan's checklist.

With most of his backstock and his hard-earned door-to-door cash left behind in that last Las Vegas hotel room, Stan's now grounded, the ol' Stanleymobile stalled just outside a town called – Gravity Falls? It's smallish, population 1567 on the sign outside town. That makes fundraising for gas money tricky. And Stan's "WILL WoRK FOR FOOD" sign ain't gathering a lot of interest. Fuckin' cheapskates.

Luckily there's a leather bar downtown – "downtown" – that's hard up for some service.

MEANWHILE

Stanford, no longer Ford, has got a small problem. He's been working on his paranormal research with full dedication for months now, but it's... isolated in the research building he's built for the purpose. That's all to the good in the normal scheme of things – the better to study the fascinating anomalies of this town without the annoying demands of nosy neighbors intruding on his time – but lately he's been feeling himself grow... wistful for some earthly company.

He admits it. He's lonely.

Actually, what he's *really* feeling is desperately in need of some hormonal release. But there aren't any free-wheeling DDAMD groups in town, or swingers' clubs that'll welcome a solo, infrequent visitor.

Luckily for him, there's a biker bar in Gravity Falls that asks no questions.

First Stan tries to sling his last two crappy wafflemakers on Main Street. Nobody wants to buy. Seems like everybody around here prefers eatin' some greasy diner's homestyle recipe; big fucking whoop - THAT place ain't gonna last more than ten years.

But down a side street that's got a promising amount of dingy cigarette butts and boozy guys with woodpeckers – there, Stanley finally gets a spark.

The bouncer/proprietor, a big guy with “ELBOW” tattoos on both his elbows, looks Stan up and down and says he’s got a job for him for the night.

And shit. This ain’t Stan’s first rodeo. Drifters can’t be choosers.

He says yeah.

A couple of hours in and kneeling on the shitty tile of the men’s bathroom floor is starting to get to him. Stan’s in the middle of stretching his legs out, cracking his knees and giving his thighs a rest, when the door creaks. Squeaky steps on the tile floor; whoever-it-is walks over in front of the left-hand stall, the one next to Stan’s, and stops. Hesitating.

No peeing noises. Guy ain’t here to take a leak.

Stan coughs to clear his throat, get this guy movin’ along, *night’s waiting*, and this guy echoes him, goes ah-hem like a fuckin’ college professor. Stan swallows a laugh. But at least a-hemming gets the guy over his cold feet or greasy guts or whatever, and he comes into the next-door stall, the one on the other side of the hole Stan’s been working all night. All right all right, things are movin’ along. Whoever Stan’s new friend is, he’s got nice leather shoes, but no shine on ‘em - run-down, the toes badly scuffed. Somebody’s got easy money and doesn’t care how he spends it, Stan reckons.

Good.

Stan licks his swollen lips to wet them, swallowing the taste of the last guy who was in here.

“Ten bucks for a blow, buddy,” he says through the hole sawed through the plywood partition, voice grating and gravelly in his abused throat. “Five bucks and I introduce you to my five-fingered girlfriend here.” Stan waggles two fingers through the shitty hole at the guy. Whatever. He’s not getting paid to be charming.

A nervous voice answers him. “The bouncer said it was free for the night? That a w-willing volunteer was back here-”

Stan slaps the wall between them. He can see the guy jump in his squeaky shoes. It’s childishly satisfying. “YEAH, YEAH. Can’t blame me for askin’,” he growls. “You planning to tip or not?” He snaps his teeth in front of the hole for emphasis.

Stanley hears the guy on the other side swallow and shift in place with a squeak of shoes.

“I’ll pay fifteen,” the other guy says with a scrap of authority, “but we use this.” A scramble of fingers and the guy flashes a condom packet at Stan through the hole.

A real finicky guy, Stan thinks, barks: “I ain’t got herpes!” Who does this joker think he is?

“I don’t care,” says the voice, sounding a one part nervous and one part imperious. “This is how we’re doing it.” Guy’s got a low serious voice, kinda muffled, like he’s trying to keep it

on the downlow that he frequents the glory hole in town. Stan smirks inside his locked stall. *Yeah, good luck to you on that, buddy.*

“Twenty bucks if you’re gonna insist on the condom, buddy,” Stan haggles, just on the principle of the thing. How many more guys is he gonna have to get through tonight? His knees hurt from squatting on the tile half the fuckin’ night already. And he hates sucking dick on an empty stomach. Fifty bucks total, twenty-five up front, was what the bouncer’d offered him to keep the lonely guys in the washroom happy for an evening. Fifty up front, Stan had said. They’d bargained; Stan won. So at least now he’s got enough cash to put food in his belly after tonight, one way or another, even if the bouncer and these shitty johns go south on him. But anything extra he can wring out of these guys more than just gravy. Twenty bucks – to say nothing of fuckin’ fifty- is more money than Stan’s even *seen* in a week or two, minus those billboards leaving Vegas.

“Twenty, okay,” the guy in the other stall reluctantly agrees, like nobody ever taught him how to haggle. Well, not Stan’s problem.

“Deal,” Stan says, and sticks his tongue through the slippery hole in the wall, all enticement now that the hard part’s done. “C’mon. Fuck my mouth.” The guy on the other side answers with the click of a belt buckle and Stan thinks, *Yeah, good, finally*, impatience rising in him like a surge of blood. “I was waiting for you all night, man,” he says, all show. Sticks his fingers through the hole and crooks them appealingly. “Lemme show you a hell of a ride.”

There’s a sharp intake of breath like the guy doesn’t even know what to do with that. An awkward fumbling noise. Stan sticks his eye to the peephole to make sure his new buddy isn’t running away, but no, the guy’s getting his pants down, nice dick – there’s something almost familiar about the hands, but Stan pushes it aside. Not important right now; even this is somebody Stan owes money to, it doesn’t matter. Not like he’ll be able to identify Stan over the bathroom wall. There’s heavy breathing even Stan can hear over the partition as this guy rips open the condom he’s been so insistent on and fumbles it onto his dick. *I coulda done that better*, Stanley thinks in passing, and sticks his hand under the wall impatiently, grabbing the guy’s ankle, tugging at him. “C’mon,” he moans, “I’m so hungry for you.” Swallows loudly for effect. Hey, he gives what he’s paid for.

The guy on the other side’s got his condom stretched down over his dick like he apparently wants – Stanley can see as much through the hole - but then he hesitates like he doesn’t wanna put his dick against the wall, even with the promise of heaven/Stanley’s mouth on the other side. Stan rolls his eyes, pushes up the guy’s pant leg, strokes his bare ankle with his dirty fingertips, getting skin-on-skin, and pants: “Man. Bro. C’mon, let me taste your fat cock,” all whiny exaggeration.

The guy gives in. “Okay, okay, yeah, I’m coming, just – hold on,” he says in a breathless voice, like Stan’s getting to him even with the cheap porno dialogue. There’s a flash of fingers through the glory hole - Stan catches a glimpse of bitten nails - and then the guy gets the head of his latexed dick fed through the hole in the wall and over to Stan’s side, his cock butting up smooth against Stan’s jaw, bumping hard into his mouth and lips. A fat and circumcised dick, glossy-smooth with the condom on. Okay. Stanley swallows and licks his lip to wet ‘em, prepping, catches his tongue on the slick touch of latex. The guy moans even

at that accidental touch, like he's gonna lose his shit already. Stan's estimation of the value of his labor here shoots down.

But Stan flexes his jaw to get ready, takes this guy's dick in his fingertips, teasing at the hot-slick rubberiness of the condom near the base of the dick where it's just coming through the rough hole in the wall. Hell, it's not half-bad, the condom - thin latex catching around the warm girth of this guy, rolling smooth and easy an' a little rubbery under Stan's fingers. Guy makes a shaky noise through the wall. His dick's warm and heavy and vital in Stanley's hands. *Could kinda get used to this*, Stan thinks. His head's buzzing from lack of food, lack of rest. He rubs the john's dick over the flat of his tongue consideringly. Stan's new best buddy is a thick guy; not half bad. And he's so eager to use Stan's mouth that he's wet for it under the latex. Stan runs the flat of his thumb over the head of the guy's dick, half-fascinated, and watches his precome pearl, trapped under the rubber condom. Stan can hear the guy taking hard shuddering breaths against the wall between them.

The guy's more than ready enough to go, but Stanley teases him anyway, swirls his tongue against the slit of the guy's dick, smirking to himself, and hears the john curse and bang on the wall. Stan mouths the head of this guy's dick wetly, all promise of pressure and no followthrough. There ain't no rules that say Stan can't play with his meal before he eats it.

"Suck me," the guy moans, sounding like he's trying for bossy and failing.

Stan rolls his eyes. "Alright, bucko, brace yourself," he says, rubbing the base of this guy's dick where it comes through the wall, cracks his sore jaw, and then slurps the guy's dick into his mouth. Sucks him right in with hard pressure until the guy's thick dick jams into the soft back of his mouth and Stan can feel his throat click in protest.

"NGH!" says the guy, a smothered yell, and Stanley smirks and gulps around the fat length in his mouth, rolling his tongue hard against the rubbery underside until the guy makes another little panicked yell and Stanley can feel his whole body jerk on the other side of the wall.

Stan smirks and shifts on his knees, getting hard himself, the low-level arousal of doing sex all night turning hotter with the sound of this guy's muffled desperate noises. He reaches down and squeezes himself rhythmically while he sucks this guy's dick. Stan's not usually that kinda guy, not really, but anonymous here's *fun* to play with. He pulls off and admires the job he's done so far, this guy and his frikkin' condom all wet and messy with spit, dick leaking all over himself on the inside, pale and creamy and sloppy inside the latex. Stan gives a kiss to the side of his dick like an idiot and then follows it up with a dangerous scrape of teeth, blunted through the rubber. He can hear the guy's wrecked and nervous breathing rattling around the whole dirty bathroom.

"... Harder," demands the guy and Stanley shrugs, shows off what he can do, pushes his mouth down hard on the guy's dick until his throat's clenching around the rubbery head of it. "Good- god! -OHHH." The guy moans like he's suffering. *Fuck it*. Stan unzips himself and shoves his hand into his underwear right there in the stall, jacking his dick sloppily while he braces his other hand on the wall and bobs his head, works on getting this guy off.

Stan swallows around him hard and repeatedly, breathing noisily through his nose, until finally he has to haul off with a loud wet noise and catch his breath, leaning his hot face

against the wall. The guy whines, feeling more outta control than he thought he was gonna be, Stan would bet money. Through the hole in the wall Stan can see him reach down for the base of his own dick, jacking it fitfully while Stan isn't sucking him, six fingers tight around -

Six fingers.

That son of a-

Hey, hey, Stan tells himself, it could still be some other guy – but no, now he's listening for it, the grunting of the guy's groans on the other side of the bathroom wall are unmistakable. Familiar to him as the ceiling of his childhood bedroom and the noises his brother would make jerking himself off after dark in the top bunk. How Stan didn't fucking realize until this second, he's got *no* clue.

Stanley thunks his head against the wall. Fuck. Fuck, fuck – he shoulda guessed. Of all the sleazy bars in the world, what're the odds he and Ford walk into the same one on the same night? –what kinda bad luck does it take? Of course this messed-up shit happens to him on top of all the other crap in his life-

“Are you all right?” That nervous voice mutters again from the other side of the wall. “... you're... still gonna, right?”

And oh yeah, that's *his Ford*. Goddamn it all – Stanley's throat shuts with a click, swallowing. His guts feel like they're shuddering, but his dick's still hard, wet in his jeans. Maybe from what his body's known for twenty minutes but his brain only just now realized, which is a sick thought. His mouth was just around his brother's *dick* - what kind of screw-up whore is he?

“I...” He can freakin hear the nervousness in Stanford's voice. He's over here having a personal crisis and Ford's worried that a guy who sucks dick for money in bars *might not like him*. Goddamn it all. “You okay?” Ford says. “Bathroom guy?”

Stanley thumps the wall between them, nodding blindly, unable to say anything. His stomach's flipping in a queasy empty surge. He already did the fucking deed. And he needs this money.

Hell, he wants Stanford's dick back in his throat.

Stan beckons with his fingers, *gimme*, through the glory hole. Licks his lips nervously. S'not like he's not already going to hell. Stan can hear the half-second of silence that follows, hear Poindexter's brain whirring over in the other stall before he decides to take Stan up on it, dick nudging back through the glory hole, all wet and hopeful-like. Stan feels a little pulse of lust and bites his lip, feeling that twinge of pain and under it, shamefully, the eager throbbing of his dick in his jeans. *Oh yeah, Fordy, give it to me*, he doesn't say.

Stan takes the dick in his hand, stomach fluttering, doesn't stare or let himself think about it, just -sticks his tongue out. He takes the guy – fuck, it's Ford, it's his brother Ford – into his mouth again, swallows hard around him, gives his brother a good show even when he feels his jaw creak. Stan grunts. Figures that that jackass has a huge dick. He can't fucking believe

he's getting off on this. He never – he swears to himself, he never wanted this before. He might be cheap, but he's not a *sicko*.

Still, it's good. It's *good*. There's sloppy spit escaping the corners of Stan's mouth when he sucks hard, when he pulls back to swirl his tongue against the head of Ford's dick and scrape the condom with his teeth. He digs his tongue against the slit, licking, and gets Ford to make that shaky moan again.

Stan's hand finds his own dick, squeezing. He's still hard himself, cock twitching and hot in his underwear, and Stanley goes back to jerking himself off, fingers hard and fast on his own sweaty dick as - fuck, Ford's dick butts against the back of his throat, stretching his jaw. Stan squeezes his eyes shut, dick throbbing like he's gonna lose it, and tries to open his throat, makes himself relax, drooling, sucks hard, coaxing his brother as Ford tries to fuck into his throat with shaky little pushes of his hips. All ineffectual, fuck, and Stan groans desperately and finally does it himself, pushes his face home, throat clutching around the head of Ford's dick, lips brushing the filthy wall. Ford gasps, "Oh, fuck!" and Stan's nails clench on the grimy tile as he *comes*. Jizz hot and wet and messy in his jeans, a little helpless shiver that wrings through him while he hangs there, pressed against the wall with his throat stretched open around Ford's dick.

Stan's mind hangs dizzily in the air for a second, oxygen-starved and the wind knocked outta him by orgasm, with the wet moaning noises Ford's making ringing in his ears. Then Stan gulps in breath through his nose, raggedly drags his hand out of his jeans, sloppy with come, and braces his hands on the floor, knees spread on the crusty tile, and sucks for all he's got, grunting as he lets Ford fuck his mouth. Stanford's making wrecked noises on the other side of the wall, getting closer, making Stan's jaw ache in an uncomfortable thrilling way, and then he comes hard in Stan's mouth with a choked gasp, hips twitching helplessly.

Stan makes a ragged sound out of his abused throat when Ford pulls out, half-reluctant to let him go, and hangs there, leaning against the partition, gasping for breath and trying to catch up to his racing heart. It sounds like Ford's doing mostly the same thing on the other side of the wall. It's nearly companionable for a minute, both of them catching their breath side by side. All good things have gotta end, though.

Eventually Stan hears Ford swallow and clear his throat uncomfortably on the other side of the wall. There's a jingling as he fumbles with his pants. "It's twenty, right?" he says, sounding wobbly still, and that catches like a sharp tooth in Stan's chest. This is the closest he's been to his brother in years and Ford doesn't even know who he is. He wants desperately say something to Ford, catches himself fumbling for an opener- which is crazy, because what the hell is Stan gonna say to him right now? Maybe something like, Hi Ford, it's your brother – I just sucked your dick, how about a fifty for the privilege? It's been eight whole years, Sixer. How's life treating you?

There's a folded-up twenty sticking through the glory hole in front of his eyes, and yeah, Stan knows that mole on the first knuckle, and he recognizes the inky stains under the nails. How many times did he touch those hands?

But Stanley ain't got shit to say to him. Not yet. Not like this.

So Stan takes the money, cooling sweat prickling uncomfortably under his unwashed shirt.

The sound of Ford flushing the condom he just used to fuck Stan's mouth covers the sound of Stan spitting out the latex taste left behind. Stan sits with his head leaning back against the cool tile wall, feeling parched, wishing for a beer, for a soft bed, while he listens to the sound of his brother getting ready to leave again in the next stall. Fabric rustling, belt clinking back into place. Then silence.

"Uh, hey." Ford says.

Stan sighs. "What?" he snaps. His voice is practically unrecognizable anyway.

"That was- you were really good. And... thanks?" Ford trails off. Then: "You know, I don't normally do this, but - if you ever wanted to get in touch - I'm local. Just call me, okay?" And he's pushing another bill through the hole in the wall – Stanley grabs at it.

No, wait. It's not a bigger tip, it's a fucking a business card. "Paranormal Research? Are you kiddin' me?"

Ford laughs in the other stall. "No! Really. I could, ah, tell you about it if you like – if we meet again."

Stanley swallows, stomach aching. "You really think you'd like that?"

"Well-" Ford sounds like he's already thinking better of it. "Maybe? I guess?"

His fucking brother. "No can do, buddy. I'm just passing through," says Stanley, crumpling the card in his clenched fist.

"Oh," says Ford, a little disappointed. Maybe. Stanley watches his shoes stand there for another minute. "Well, thanks for tonight, then," Ford says, and the floor creaks and his good-rundown shoes walk away.

Stanley wipes his mouth on the back of his hand and swallows, muttering "You don't notice shit, braniac," under his breath. The thump of the door closing cuts off anyone who might hear him.

He's left a lot of his come smeared on the tiled floor. Well, Stan's not the janitor here. He wipes the rest of it off on the leg of his jeans and counts his money. He can dimly hear the barkeep shouting for last call out in the bar.

Stanley thumbs through the dollars he's pocketing from tonight, the satisfying rattle of bills under his thumb: eighty dollars from the johns, even without his take-home pay. Two hundred with. More'n enough money to fill his belly, his gas tank, and blow outta this backwater called Gravity Falls for good. He sticks the wad of bills down deep inside his sock and goes out to meet the bartender who'd promised him fifty bucks and a bed to sleep in in exchange for a night of his ass.

Stanford can call him when he's good and ready.

End Notes

The business with the condoms probably seems weird from a modern perspective, but it's meant as a loose stab at historical fiction; this fic is set pre-AIDS crisis, at a time when unprotected sex was much more culturally normative in MSM hookups. Also, condom kink. Anyway, Stan charges extra for the condom mostly because he can, not out of genuine offense or anything.

Otherwise though this is porn scenario; I have no idea how gloryholes work irl.

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